

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

—ORIGINAL—

DETRACTION FROM LITERARY MERIT.

TO acquire an honorable fame is extremely difficult; and to keep this fame unfaded when acquired, is almost impossible in the present state of society. The difficulties, which literary characters have to encounter in the acquisition of knowledge, are numerous; but they bear no proportion to those, which arise from the envy, the malice, and the detraction of their contemporaries, who are professedly pursuing the same road to the temple of immortality.

We might naturally suppose that those, busied in the same employments, would seek fame by the same honorable means. But there is a set of beings, who, perceiving themselves without taste, without application, without resolution, and without energy, sufficient for the performance of any work of amenity, or solid merit, endeavour, by all the means which dishonor and malignity employ; to close the gates and obstruct the avenues to fame's fair residence.

These dastardly detractors from merit, may, with propriety, be divided into two classes; the garrulous, and the slyly candid, of which the latter is justly considered the more dangerous and destructive to rising genius.

The loquacious class, too superficial to use art, and too bold to fear resistance, make direct and reiterated attacks, with little regard to time or company. They have barely sense enough to discover, that confident assertions have often more influence with most men than keen satire or rational criticism. Making, therefore, immoderate use of these, and being, occasionally, liberal of their cant, they draw after them a multitude of the vulgar and unthinking, who approve as they approve, and applaud as they applaud, who censure as they censure, and condemn as they condemn.

One of these prattling fellows, having grown notorious, daring, and successful, often paralyzes the efforts of bashful merit; and thus averts from us the light of a star, which would otherwise have been splendid in the constellation of literary greatness.

The other class, on account of their masked behaviour and sly, secret insinuations, are less easy to be described. Not being continually guarded, they sometimes are caught by the eye of the observing, and meet with that severe censure, which causes them either to leave their disgraceful practices, or renders them both more careful and more pernicious in future. Under the guise of modesty and regard to reputation, they, by their secret whispers, whose influence it is impossible to counteract, strike at the foundation of respectability and honor. The ease, with which they propagate opinions and gain notice, encourages them to persevere, until their designs are executed, or themselves despaired.

If a young writer's name be mentioned, with applause, in their presence, they, feeling themselves wounded, and perceiving a happy chance to commence an attack, begin by observing, that, though many of the young gentleman's periods were decent and somewhat pleasing, yet they wanted harmony, spirit, strength, or a more copious roundness. If, when these strictures are made, they have not ravished the attention of the audience, nor brought them into their interest, they proceed to state that, though they wish not to criticize, with severity, the writings of any author, and much less of a man, who has just commenced his career, yet, in justice to themselves and the public, they must assert that the young man has committed plagiarism in almost innumerable instances.

To substantiate this charge, though equally false and ridiculous, they are sure to quote from some writer, probably from Homer, Sophocles, or Lycophron, with whose works the rest of the company, and perhaps themselves, are totally unacquainted.

In this manner, they excite an opinion of their own greatness, and destroy the well earned reputation of others. For the vilest hypocrisy, wearing the garb of modesty and candor, is certain of attaching to itself friends and supporters; for where people cannot refuse, they dare not resist. Ignorance, in this way, arrogating to itself superior intelligence, makes more proselytes and has more admirers, than either flashing wit or great understanding.

We have, in this essay, only described the actions of detractors from literary merit, and have entirely omitted their motives; which, to clearly portray, though it might, at first, seem easy, would, nevertheless, be found a perplexing task. If we supposed them actuated by selfishness, which too generally influences the conduct of men, and endeavoring to appropriate that praise to themselves, which was justly due to another, we should at once discover their glaring folly, and reasonably conclude that the laurel, which was torn by violence from its native soil, could lastingly and vigorously flourish in no other.

C. W.

*How empty learning and how vain is art,**But as it mends the life and guides the heart.*

YOUNG.

DEATH—AN INSTRUCTOR.

[Concluded from page 6.]

TO learn the value of time, consider how it is viewed by those on the verge of the eternal world, whose lives have been a perpetual round of thoughtless gaiety and sensual gratification. Surprised by the unexpected messenger, with scarce a moment's warning, multitudes of youth are hurried to the grave. In all the agonies of death, hear them lament and bewail their idleness and dissipation. How many hours and days, if not weeks and months,

have passed, of which they can give, but a sorrowful account. Trivial concerns and vain amusements have almost wholly engrossed their minds, while they ought to have been employed in attending to objects, which most nearly concern their present and future happiness.

Time, of which alone, it is a virtue to be covetous, has either hung heavily upon them, or been spent with excessive prodigality. As though it would never be gone, they have exerted all the powers of genius to hasten its tardy steps.

In full prospect of the solemn and awful scenes of eternity, they feel unprepared to die. That great end of their existence, has shared a very small and unequal proportion of their attention. It does not now appear like the work of a day, or an hour, but that it ought to have been the business of their lives. At this important juncture, no one ever found himself in too much readiness, or that he was too solicitous about this interesting change. Thousands have had reflections, similar to those, which have been suggested. Have we not heard mortals, with their dying breath, bitterly bemoan their folly and wickedness in not making a better improvement of their time? Why should we conduct in such a manner, that, when we come to take the last retrospect of life, we shall be filled with the keenest remorse?

Talents, devoted to useless, or pernicious ends, awaken conscience and harrow up severe compunction in a dying hour. A vigorous bodily constitution, adapted to some noble part, in the active scenes of life, but prostituted to base and ignoble purposes, will be a source of heart-felt grief. A mind, endowed with intellectual and active powers, enlarged by a general knowledge of arts and sciences, capable of having diffused no small degree of happiness among mankind, bent on low pursuits and wholly engaged in trifles, such abuse of faculties, I say, will cause the 'tinge of death' to be poignant beyond conception. Unnumbered instances occur to mind, in which persons of every rank, have exerted their utmost abilities to injure society. They use the most insidious arts to allure and seduce unsuspecting youth from the paths of virtue. Too often they succeed and bind them fast in slavish chains, ere the unwary prisoners think of danger. Alas! how fatal has the experience of many proved, that 'one sinner destroys much good.' To have been ingeniously wicked, will afford no consolation, when summoned by the 'King of Terrors' to the world of spirits.

In youth we promise ourselves many years of uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. We fondly fancy, that 'tomorrow will be as this day and much more abundant.' But how often untimely death blasts our brightest hopes, by snatching some darling object from our warmest affections. Soon some fell disease may fasten on our vitals, undermine the springs of life, and liberate the soul from its tenement

of clay; while death leaves this instructive lesson to survivors, that, whatever wealth, esteem, time and abilities, they may possess, unless they devote them to valuable purposes, conscience will condemn and terrify them, and the remembrance of abused mercies will plunge them in the depths of despair.

DISCOS TANTALOS.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF LORD BACON.

TO contemplate the characters of those, who have appeared, with distinguished lustre, on the stage of life, is an instructive and useful employment. They, like a city placed on a hill, are exposed to the observation of mankind, and, by their situation, serve well the purpose of beacons to direct the course of others. When we find great power of intellect, associated with goodness of heart, and virtuous practice, we esteem and admire; but when to eminent mental faculties are united principles and actions, which would dishonor more humble abilities, we may be convinced, that the endowments of mind alone are not sufficient to entitle man to immortal praise.

Perhaps no person, in any age or nation, has appeared, who, with so just a claim to applause and admiration, deserves so much censure, as does Sir Francis Bacon. This celebrated man was born in the year 1560, during the reign of Elizabeth, and, at the early age of sixteen years, received the first honors of Trinity-College, in Cambridge. His devotion to literature was ardent, unwearied and successful. From the dawn of existence, he had discovered a mind, capacious and independent, and at the period of his graduation, although yet tender in years, he had penetrated the errors of the Aristotelian philosophy, and had conceived the design of founding a more rational system. He spent the three succeeding years of his youth in France, and before he reached the age of nineteen, gave to the world a specimen of his political knowledge in a learned and well digested "View of the general state of Europe."

Encouraged by the success of his father at the bar, he on his return to England, applied himself to the study of law, with a view to promotion at court. Here lay the great error of Bacon. He was ambitious of preferment, and he degraded the dignity of his understanding by those contemptible arts of adulation, which provoked Pope, while acknowledging him the "wisest," to brand him with the epithet of "the meanest of mankind." But, notwithstanding his own exertions, and the solicitations of the Earl of Essex in his favor, he received but little encouragement, during the reign of Elizabeth. His philosophy gained him enemies, which not all his talents could overcome.

On the accession of James, fortune assumed a more flattering countenance. Bacon passed successively through the honorary grades of Privy-councillor, Attorney-general, Keeper of the Seals, Lord Chancellor, Lord Verulam, and finally Viscount of St. Albans. But how transient are honors; how dangerous is eleva-

tion! This great personage, possessed of the most exalted abilities, holding the office of Lord Chancellor of England, and promoted to one of the first titles of nobility, had scarcely reached the summit of his wishes, when he was accused of corruption in his official capacity by a committee from the House of Commons, condemned in a fine of £40,000, sentenced to imprisonment, during the King's pleasure, and banished from the verge of the court! What an obscuration of dignity! what a debasement of intellect!

Another stain, which Bacon, during his political life, suffered in his character, was the crime of ingratitude towards the Earl of Essex. Instigated by the hopes of a sycophantic courtier, he violated the ties of friendship in attempting to preserve from censure the conduct of Elizabeth in the execution of this nobleman, who had been his most zealous benefactor.—But let us dwell no longer on the dark side of this great man's character. In the learned world, he was every thing, that man can be. Even during his attendance at court, he never once lost sight of philosophy, devoting every hour of leisure to observations upon nature and her operations. He was original, penetrating and comprehensive. Others before him had arisen to eminence in some particular science, but Bacon was an universal scholar, not limited by any other period, than that of creation, nor confined by any other bounds, than those of the universe! His Civil and moral Essays, his treatise on the Wisdom of the Ancients, and likewise that on the Proficiency of divine and human learning display a knowledge of ethics, of politics, of antiquity and of general literature, which, at that age of ignorance, no other man, perhaps, could have acquired.

But all these learned works constitute but barely the vestibule of that edifice of science, whose body is formed by his last written, but first designed production, the *Noxum Organum*. The philosophy of Aristotle, which, for demonstration, depended wholly on logical principles, and entangled nature in innumerable perplexities, had, notwithstanding its absurdities, obtained almost the credit of infallibility during the Gothic ages, and yet held dominion over the minds of many. A rage for hypothesis had, likewise, begun to extend itself in Europe, and threatened to reduce all science to a mere mass of suppositions.

This was the state of philosophy and literature, when Francis Bacon made his appearance, equally an enemy to the unmeaning absurdities of the Grecian philosopher, and the hypothetical jargon of other pretenders. He laid down new rules for demonstration, established the doctrine of experimental philosophy, and threw such light on the avenues to truth, that even the recesses of nature have been unfolded by his followers. He has been called the prophet of discoveries, which Newton revealed.

He died in 1626, submitting his character to the decision of posterity. Posterity have already made the decision—they lament in him the vices of the courtier; they admire the greatness of the man; and they venerate the wisdom of the philosopher. X.

—SELECTED—

HERCULANEUM MANUSCRIPTS.

GREAT progress has been made, under the auspices of the *Prince of Wales*, in the unrolling and recovery of the Papiri found in the ruins of *Herculaneum*. The Rev. Mr. HEYTER has been at *Naples* for a considerable time engaged, with a number of assistants, in this important work; and scholars of every country will be delighted to hear that he has made rapid progress in the task. Previously to the interference of the *Prince of Wales*, eighteen manuscripts had been opened in the course of forty-six years; but under his auspices nearly ninety have been opened in a little more than two years.—This is a patronage worthy of the Prince. Mr. HEYTER writes from *Portici*, in May last, "that though the difficulties in travelling the almost extinguishing Papiri are incredible, and the operation of course must be dilatory, as the persons employed may even yet be considered as learners, yet every day new lights are opening to them." About four-score manuscripts have been unrolled under his directions, entirely or in part. He has discovered at the end of one manuscript the name of *Demetrius Phalereus*. Fragments of four of *Epicurus* are ready for publication; the engravings of one book, and six columns of another, are completed. A treatise on Anger, another of *De Natura Deorum*, as well as a logical essay by *Plutarchus*, are also ready for publication. The treatise on Anger is anonymous. That of *De Natura Deorum* appears to be by *Phaëdrus*, the friend of *Cicero*. (Eng. paper.)

AERIAL BALL.

THE famous aeronaut, *Blanchard*, is now at *Marseilles*; where, in a balloon of new composition, he has with success, made his fifty-sixth ascension. Citizen *Lalande* has calculated, that if *Blanchard* had travelled, in one single journey, the whole space he has in all his ascensions run through, he might not only have been able to give us news concerning the inhabitants in the moon, but even had it in his power to fraternize with those in the planet Jupiter.—*Blanchard's* present balloon is of that extent, that it can without danger ascend with nine persons, not heavier than himself, which was proved on the 6th July, when four young ladies and four young gentlemen ascended with him, and danced a quadrille in the air, 1500 feet from the earth; an event which has never before taken place. The dance continued for a quarter of an hour, when two of the ladies, and one of the gentlemen, were taken ill, which obliged him to descend. They were, however, all well enough to appear at the theatre in the evening, where they were received with repeated applause. It is said, that upwards of sixty candidates have presented themselves for another ball in the air. (Paris paper.)

HYPOCRISY.

An Extract from *Zimmerman on National Pride*. ONE of the objects in which self-conceit most prominently appears, is in matters of re-

igion, and the opinion we entertain of our punctual discharge of the religious duties incumbent on us: it is sure in this respect, to declare itself in an expressible contempt and pity of those who do not make such a public display of their piety as we do. Hardly a day passes without the sacrifice of some innocent victim at the altar of the malignant passions of people of this cast, to whom evil speaking is food, cavilling their entertainment, slander their delight, false aspersions the enlivening fire of their discourse, and malice the soul of their actions. Such gloomy zealots too often become the slaves of every vice, and are by turns, lascivious, gluttonous, quarrelsome, ambitious, avaricious, hard-hearted, and cruel; the tumults of their sordid minds, at the loss of a trifle, might be compared to the uproar of chaos; and under the cloak of devotion, they sin against common honesty; but although none are so punctual in attending divine service, tho' none make such solemn preparations at the approach of every religious festival, though the word Christianity is ever in their mouths, tho' they are indefatigable in visiting the infirm and administering a spiritual consolation to those whose situation would rather require the opened hand of charity, though none pay greater respect to their own clergy, though none exclaim so vehemently against the growth of infidelity; yet the world is not so effectually deceived by their hypocritical professions, as their consciences are lulled by their own sophistifications; for every honest man abhors such lip-service, and every wise man smiles at their sanctified hypocrisy.

From the MONTHLY MUSEUM.

THE SCRUPLE.

PASSING through a street the other day, my attention was suddenly struck by a feeble exclamation of "God bless you!" I turned back—it was the voice of an old man, who had taken his station for charity on the opposite side of the way: he was thanking a young woman for something she had given him; his eyes were raised to Heaven—how I envied the blessing!—His aspect was venerable, and his hoary locks proclaimed that he had buffeted the storms of dreary life a considerable time: he had certainly seen better days. Numbers of the thoughtless votaries of Folly passed by without taking any notice; those who happened to look that way gave him a sneer of ineffable contempt. I saw he pitied them, and crossed the road.

"Pray, my good man, inform me of your story, if it will not be troublesome?—it must needs be a distressing one."

"If it will give you any satisfaction," replied he, "I will repeat it willingly."

He thus began:—"My father was a merchant of some eminence in the city of London; but an ill-timed speculation swept away the fruits of thirty years industry: he gathered the wreck of his fortune, and retired into the country. In a few months news arrived that the person in whose hands he had placed his little property had failed, and embarked for a for-

eign country. Scorning to ask assistance from those who once knew him, he procured a subsistence by working as a labourer; I also was employed in the same capacity. Fatigue, and the reflection of his former circumstances, soon ended his existence:—he died of a broken heart! My Eliza soon followed him: a fortnight, and the consummation of our nuptials were to be realized. Oh! God, what stores of happiness my fickle imagination had treasured! Still I was left to skim the surface of this unthinking world: my worn-out frame will not now permit me to earn my livelihood in any other manner but this wretched one."

Nature had made several efforts to intrude during the recitation of his simple narrative: she now succeeded. My hands were forced mechanically to my pockets—I turned them out—there was nothing in them but a new shilling—it was the gift of a departed friend:—I gave him my word it should never quit me—it must be weighed, said I—Justice lent me the scales—I threw friendship in one—it was heavy;—I dropped duty and compassion in the other—something fell with them, which helped the preponderance considerably: however, there was no occasion for it:—the scale struck the ground—I threw the shilling in his hat, and took hold of the hand that was at liberty: it was hard, very hard; yet the piercing glow of gratitude had already penetrated—I pressed it; his eyes met mine: our hearts beat in unison, and I walked hastily away: he did not thank me, but his look was worth fifty thanks.

F.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JUNE 27.

DIXON v. MACNAMARA.

ASSAULT.—THIS was an action of assault. The plaintiff is a man of color, and servant to a Mr. LYNCH, a gentleman of fortune and respectability at the west end of the town; the defendant is an officer in the Royal Navy, the same who had the misfortune, some time since, to kill Col. Montgomery in a duel. Mr. Macnamara was walking thro' Cavendish-Square, with his friend Capt. Barry, and having observed an uncommonly fine girl in conversation with the plaintiff and another servant, as they passed the girl they made some remark, which was sneered at by the plaintiff. On which the defendant returned, and, as the plaintiff did not make way for him as he passed, he called him a d—d black negro, collared him, and pushed him against the railing. The Learned Counsel concluded his address by saying, it would very much depend upon the verdict of the Jury, whether people could in future live with safety in society, and whether they were to be protected from persons of such dispositions. The assault was proved, and the Jury gave the plaintiff—20l. damages. (Eng. pap.)

ANECDOTE.

A FASHIONABLE young Countess asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*? He replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two-lips*, before all the roses in the world."

FARRAGO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HIRAM's production is under consideration. S. F.'s communication is received and will be inserted in the next Tablet.

K's piece of 'prose run mad' is rejected. His lines appear to be *performing a journey*; but with unequal progress. Some are just setting out, and, like the pilgrim with unboiled pease in his shoes, hobble heavily along; while others, seemingly frightened, have scampered on, eight, or ten feet.

Y.'s remarks merit our gratitude. We hope for future favors from the same source.

BONAPARTE'S CROWN.

Capt. Swaine, arrived at New-York, from Lisbon, informs, that shortly before he left that city, a frigate had sailed from that port, for France, with a CROWN for BONAPARTE, a present from the Queen of Portugal, which was said to have cost two millions sterling, being ornamented with diamonds and precious stones.

MARRIED.

In Philadelphia, Mr. William Moon, to Miss Mary Star;—a wit is of opinion, that "by uniting the Moon with a Star, something like a sun might be produced."

At Boston, Mr. Thomas W. Storow, merchant, to Miss Sally P. Brown.—At Chester, N. H. Mr. Toppan Robie, merchant, of Gorham, Maine, to Miss Lydia Brown, daughter of Benjamin Brown, Esq.—At Brattleborough, Ver. Mr. John Noyes, to Miss Polly Hayes.

The meanest cottage, 'or costliest dome,
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.'



DIED.

In Germany, Tager Talpier, aged 120. He had buried ten wives; his last the eleventh, who is now living, is but 26 years of age; by her he had five children, the youngest is five months old; by his other wives he had 31 children, all of whom are now living, married, and have large families.

In Savannah, (Georgia) John Wallace, Esq. British Vice-Consul.—In South Kingston, (R. I.) Hon. Samuel J. Potter, aged 54, one of the Senators of the U. States, from Rhode-Island.—In Boston, while in the act of trying on a pair of shoes, in a store, a Mr. Miles, of Ashfield.—At his seat in Roxbury, Martin Brimmer, Esq. aged 62.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

THE mists of evening gather fast around,
And Silence, stealing from the forests' shade,
Dwells in the village, while the feeble lights
Successive steal from ev'ry cottage window.
Contented villagers! your task is done!
Sleep, rural inmate, presses on your lids,
Smooths the straw pillow, and invites to dreams
That cannot break your slumbers. Haste yet then,
And bind your wearied limbs in soft repose,
While I, in wonted fashion, pace along
The winding brook, or in the woods dark depths
Seek a short respite from tumultuous care.
In vain!—Anticipation flies the mind
By care depressed and mem'ry rushes in,
With all her train, and longs to tell of joys
That once were wont to cheat the infant mind.
Long since flown by—*Joys never to return!*
Scenes of my early hours! there was a time
I call'd ye up, successive to my mind,
And fill with fresh delight, by mem'ry's aid,
Renew'd your joys. It was a pleasure then,
With Fancy's ear, to listen to the bell
Releasing me from school, that I might fly,
Of task regardless, to my infant sports,
And mingle with my play-mates. Or what time
We rambled, heedless of the summer's sun
Or father's threats, or mother's anxious fears,
To bathe in Schuylkill's stream, & turning home
We loiter'd on the road, of evening dews
Unmindful—or what time the summer heats
Gave a sweet respite to the Tutor's toil,
A parent's love, studious at once for health
And pleasure waded me to rural scenes
And rural sports. The shallow murm'ring brook,
That skirts the village where a sister dwelt,
Would lure me with deceitful windings on,
'Till I would seek the bosom of the wood.
Here, when the sun's last beams had streak'd the west,

A sister's love would find me busied still,
And still unwearied by my fruitless toil,
With *idle industry*, with leaves and earth
Turning the rivulet's stream, and smiling oft
As the rude wall grew up beneath my hands.
There was a time when fond remembrance bro't
These simple scenes of innocence and joy
Before my eyes, and I remember well
With what delight of heart I welcom'd them!
It was the pastime of a vacant hour!
And when they calm'd my mind with silent joys,
I did not hesitate to yield them up,
For I had pleasures in possession, far
Exceeding theirs. But long these joys have
flown,

And recollection of my infant sports
But serves the contrast of the passing hour.
Heedless and gay, I was but yet a youth,
And grief and I were seldom combatants.
Full health, high spirits, and the song of Hope
Were mine, and when the morning of my life
Had pass'd, I still regretted not its flight,
For it had left my warm untutor'd heart
Safe in the guidance of a valu'd one,
Dear to my soul, as to the shiv'ring sea-boy,
Close-clinging to the shrouds at break of morn,
That marks the boatman hast'ning to his aid

While round the deck winds howl and billows
dash.

But adverse storms have sever'd me from this,
My kinder friend, long time my *only one*,
Still dear to me as life, and we may meet
No more on earth. In heaven *such friends may*
join!

Life has its cares; less num'rous are its sweets.
Yet it can number in its keenest pangs
None as afflictive as the cruel stroke
That severs those who still must sigh to meet,
And all its sweets are bubbles on the stream,
To one *sweet smile* whose home is in the heart.
H.

SELECTED POETRY.

TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

BY SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner fees, afar,
His all become the prey of war:
Bethinks him of his babes and wife;
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but these of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;

Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate;
Within my filial breast shall beat:
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

POETIC EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

Who requested the Author's Advice in the Choice of a
Husband.

HOW came you, Maria, to think or suppose
I could give a receipt in the choice of your beaux?
Or lay axioms down for the rule of your life,
In selecting the man who's to call you his wife?
You tell me "Five lovers implore and complain,
"Yet you still feel averse to be fix'd to that chain
"Which precludeth your tasting of freedom again."
Still, in the next line you say, "Wretched, or blest,
"Old Maid is a term you so firmly detest,
"That, rather than suffer that horrible fate,
"You'd marry a being you perfectly hate."
Then add, that one lover is subject to spleen;
That the second is fickle, the third rather mean;
That the fourth is too moral, too prim, and precise,
Yet his temper is good, and his feelings are nice;
The fifth you declare is a fine dashing man,
A highland by birth, of an excellent clan;
Yet this martial assailant your friends disapprove,
Because they believe he's a stranger to love;
That your fortune's a magnet that draweth his soul,
Tho' he swears he's as true as the point to the pole.
Five lovers at once! do set vanity bounds,
And remember the charm of twice ten thousand pounds,
But not for these fighters, who beg or complain,
Each ardently trying his wish to obtain:
Your beau that's splenetic, for God's sake discard—
A bad temper, Maria, destroyeth regard;
'Tis the bane of contentment, the acid of life,
That corrodes what is near it, but tortures a wife.
The fickle admirer ne'er try to retain;
If he veers as a lover ne'er think Hymen's chain
Could keep him secure—so e'en let him go:
And now, my dear girl, for your poor paltry beau,
Then let me declare, I have never yet seen
One virtue arise from a heart that is mean.
The man of morality next lays his claim,
Yet morality scarcely exists but in name;
But if such, my Maria, this fourth beau should prove,
'Tis at once a foundation for friendship and love;
A fabric on which you may firmly repose,
If the gale of misfortune successively blows.
And who, my dear girl, in this swift-changing scene,
Can say that their prospects were always serene?
The brightest perspective may possibly fade,
And the sun that's effulgent may set in a shade:
His temper you praise, and declare that his mind
Is polish'd by feeling, and highly refin'd;
Then wherefore, my love, do you still remain blind?
Alas! poor Maria, the fine dashing beau
I fear has created no transient glow
In that gentle bosom—but beware of the light;
The Ignis, you know, burneth perfectly bright,
Yet still it misleads and conducteth astray:
But do you, my dear girl, keep that straight-forward way
Which friendship directs, as a dasher for life
Seldom tries to promote the bliss of a wife.

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